Volume LXIII CHICAGO, MAY 6, 1909 Number 10

# UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

## Hear, O Ye Nations

(Written for the Second National Peace Congress by F. L. Hosmer.)

Hear, hear, O ye Nations, and hearing obey
The cry from the past and the call of today!
Earth wearies and wastes with her fresh life outpoured,
The glut of the cannon, the spoil of the sword.

A new era opens, transcending the old,
It calls for new leaders, for new ranks enrolled;
From war's grim tradition it maketh appeal
To service of man in a world's commonweal.

The workers afield, in the mill and the mart,
In commerce, in council, in science and art,
Shall bring of their gifts and together create
The manifold life of the firm-builded State.

And more shall the triumph of right over wrong
Be shield to the weak and a curb to the strong,
When counsel prevails and, the battle-flags furled,
The High Court of Nations gives Law to the world.

And thou, O my Country, from many made one,
Last-born of the nations, at morning thy sun,
Arise to the place thou are given to fill,
And lead the world-triumph of peace and good will!

(TUNE: *Lyons*).

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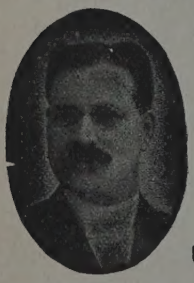

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# UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LXIII. THURSDAY, MAY 6, 1909 NUMBER 10

### CULMINATION.

There lived a man who raised his hand and said,
"I will be great!"
And thro' a long, long life he bravely knocked
At Fame's closed gate.

A son he left who, like his sire, strove
High place to win;—
Worn out, he died, and dying left no trace
That he had been.

He also left a son, who, without care
Or planning how,
Bore the fair letters of a deathless fame
Upon his brow.

"Behold a genius, filled with fire divine!"
The people cried,
Not knowing that to make him what he was
Two men had died.

—*Isabel Egglestone Mackay.*

---

Prof. Geo. A. Barton, of Bryn Mawr College, contributes an interesting article to *The Biblical World* for May on "Parables Outside the Gospels." It is an interesting gleaning in other bibles of this most effective form of literature—condensed sermons. The New Testament offers the superlative examples of parables, but even this most characteristic feature of New Testament teachings is not peculiar to the New Testament. Parable-making is a gift of genius, a mark of originality. Next to the Man of Nazareth, perhaps, stands in this direction the homely prophet of the prairies, Abraham Lincoln, the great emancipator.

---

Our neighbor, Dr. Emil G. Hirsch, leaves next week for an extended vacation in Europe with some preaching engagements in London and elsewhere. He goes for the rest and refurnishing which his hard-working winter season has well earned. The perplexities of the city church are many; its needs are continuous. The necessary strength to minister to it is limited. The solution must be in the line of multiplying the workers so that continuous tasks may be administered by many hands and many minds, not necessarily in the same way. If the listeners decrease in the summer time, the need of work on many lines increases, and the number of workers should be increased also. It is a matter of intelligent investment, and when men become more generous with their money on lines that are most worth while, the church will become the general center of life. To this end the Sinai Congregation is planning for a new building with adequate provision for the new and enlarged work. We trust that the treasury of the society as well as the minister will be accumulating resources for the larger work during the summer and that next year will find the new Sinai Centre well under way.

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UNITY goes to press too early for us to give any report of the Peace Congress now in session in Chicago, but everything points to a most significant meeting. Last Sunday morning many, if not most of the pulpits of Chicago echoed in one way or another the peace message, and Sunday night a vast audience of over 3,000 people occupied every available seat in Orchestra Hall, the capacity of which was extended by improvised seats on the great platform for several hundred people. The singing of Mr. Hosmer's hymn, written for the occasion, was of itself an event, as one said, "Worth coming to Chicago to hear." The trained chorus of perhaps 150 voices inspired the mighty audience to joy in a way that filled the great building with melody—a melody charged with high thought. "I wish Hosmer could have heard this singing," was the remark of a brother minister before the audience was seated. The addresses of the evening were made by President Schurman of Cornell University, "Bob" Burdette of California, Dr. Hirsch, and the editor of UNITY. Next week we hope to be able to give an estimate of the entire occasion and perhaps catch for these columns some of the addresses delivered.

---

And now it is Boston's turn to have an exposition. The tercentennial of the landing of the Pilgrims is fixed for 1920. Our first impulse is to raise a voice of warning and say to the staid, proper, well-groomed, dignified Boston, "Don't! O don't! It will make such a muss! It will clutter your streets, mar your parks, disturb your equanimity, and cost a heap of money. It will bring all the country cousins to your doors and leave a lot of your women with nervous prostration and more of your men with demoralized bank accounts." But there is no use protesting. They all do it, and Boston must have its turn. Boston will profit by the experience of the others and in all probability give the best yet. Don't; O don't, please Boston, go in for more tinsel, noise and show than any preceding one. Let there be less staff and more granite in the building; less pride in things and more confidence in ideas. Profit by the experience of Chicago. Remember that the more lasting features of its great Columbian Exposition that still abide were

those that dealt with intangible products of mind; the great congresses, particularly the great Parliament of Religions, which mightily set the world forward. The White City at Jackson Park is a vanishing dream, but the fraternity that was generated is still cheering the world. Let Boston rise to its noble opportunity.

---

*The Woman's Journal* for May 1 has a two-column article about our friend Samuel J. Barrows, whose death we noticed last week, in which we find much curious and interesting material. In his descent and training as well as in his own delightful personality is there much of unique surprise. His father's mother was stoned through the streets of Nottingham for leaving the Church of England to join the Methodists, and she and her husband came to America in search of religious freedom. Mr. Barrows' own mother, a Knickerbocker girl of New York, was disowned for leaving the Dutch Reformed Church to become a Baptist. We are told that he and his wife were both stenographers, and that while he studied for the Unitarian ministry at Harvard Divinity School she kept the pot boiling at home doing stenographic work in the state department, and at the same time earning $100 a month by acting as oculist for one of the Washington hospitals. She also reported a sermon every Sunday, kept boarders, and cooked for them herself besides finding time to make her husband a complete suit of clothes with her own hands. Meanwhile Mr. Barrows was not idle. While keeping up his studies he was correspondent for the *New York Tribune* and a successful reporter of Agassiz's lectures, full of technical terms. During the vacation he acted as a scout in the far West. The *Christian Register* tells how after he became a minister he travelled a long distance in Greece to conduct a funeral service in modern Greek. At a Unitarian Congress in Hungary he read a paper in the vernacular. He knew his Homer almost by heart. But all these were but accessories to the central inspirations of his life, for he was the friend of the criminal, the champion of the Armenian, of refugees,—the frend of the friendless everywhere. The Howard University of Washington made him a D. D. "The Doom of the Majority," a protest against the doctrine of everlasting damnation, "The Isles and Shrines of Greece," "Crimes and Misdemeanors in the United States," and "The Shaybacks in Camp," are the titles of the books he published, besides a large number of tracts and pamphlets in the line of his work. The *Journal* closes the appreciative and instructive tribute with the words:

"His place cannot be filled, either in his public work or in the hearts of his wide circle of friends. It is easy to us now to understand how the traditions arise that one and another great king or conqueror is not dead but only sleeping, and will some day return; for we cannot realize that 'Uncle June' is really gone. It seems as if at any moment he might walk in. He had full faith in immortality, and died as calmly and cheerfully as he had lived."

## The Congress of Religious Liberals

A flight from Chicago to Philadelphia and back, an address before the Unitarian Club of New York City and another before the bright young men and women of Swarthmore College, with considerable visiting in between, did not leave much margin for reflection and discussion concerning the rich program of the meetings held in the Meeting House of the Religious Society of Friends in Philadelphia, beginning Tuesday evening and closing Friday night, and still there was time enough to attend most of the sessions and to listen to many remarkable addresses. Crowded as the program seemed to be, the meetings did not seem hurried, owing to the prompt attendance and the efficient presiding of "Friend Wilbur." With the exception of the absence of Hon. Oscar Strauss on account of illness in his family, whose place was eventually made good by Dr. Philipson of Cincinnati, and of Rev. John Haynes Holmes of New York, whose place was supplied by Rev. Mr. St. John of Philadelphia, the program, we believe, was carried out almost to the letter. The attendance was large, prompt and regular. Secretary Wendte's ambition of a thousand enrolled members at one dollar each must have been almost if not quite realized. A program so rich in thought, containing so many carefully prepared papers on vital subjects, ought to be perpetuated in printed form, and we trust it will be.

With our limited space, crowded time, and the absorbing interest of the Peace Congress in Chicago upon us, we can only briefly mention some of the points of interest and name but a few of the papers, all of which deserve mention.

Attorney General Bonaparte's address for the Catholics, Booker T. Washington's speech on behalf of the negro, Mr. Gannett's "What is Religious Liberalism?" Edwin D. Mead's "What Liberal Religion Has Done for America," Dr. Philipson's "The Bible in Modern Life," Professor Foster's (of Chicago) remarkable address on "Jesus Christ in Modern Life," and Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer's "The Duty of Religious Liberals with Respect to Marriage and Divorce," were among the notable features.

But more than anything said, the things felt and realized, the fellowship exemplified, were more impressive. Here again were the old experiences of the Parliament of Religions, the various sessions of the Congress of Religion, the various meetings of the New York Conference of Religion and the international congresses, repeated. Fellowship was enhanced by the crossing of lines; denominational differences were not forgiven or ignored but simply forgotten. The problems discussed were recognized as common property; even the solutions offered provoked but little dissent and awoke much enthusiasm.

It must have been a strange experience to the habitual pillars of the splendid old Quaker Meeting House,

impressive in its rectangular severity. The very avoidance of anything looking towards decoration or the elaboration of beauty lines created an atmosphere of beauty, an air of restfulness to the place, at least to those who remembered that for over a quarter of a century the serene but heroic spirit of Lucretia Mott worshipped and disciplined in that place.

To a western man at least, the striking characteristic of the large audience was the venerableness of it. What a splendid lot of gray heads and ripe faces of men and women who had borne the burden heroically and at the end reached peace without losing the power of smiling and the still finer power of appreciating and welcoming the latest tidings from the realm of scholarship and reform.

Altogether, the Congress at Philadelphia was a striking success, one more suggestion, one more challenge to the believers in religious co-operation and the unity of the spirit to persist.

What next we will not try to predict. The method, the spirit, the message, and largely the workers represented in Philadelphia are identical with those of the Free Religious Association, the Congress of Religion and the New York Conference of Religion, and now comes this fourth candidate. Will these organizations be able to live up to their claims, appropriate their own inspirations or take their own medicine, as the case may be,—join forces and make common cause in a common field? Some such consummation is the logical demand and the inspirational opportunity. If the way is not found now, then at some other time it must be. "Federation" is the word of the hour in religion, but federations must federate to the full if they are to be equal to their opportunity.

UNITY readers will hear more of this federation.

---

### O VOYAGER ON LIFE'S SEA.

O voyager on life's sea, as thou approachest the goal,
Seest thou in the offing aught that betokens the land:
Birds of the field or the forest, drift as from island or main,
Low-lying shapes, appearing like hills on a distant strand?

Surely, something thou seest, more than the swinging waves,
More than the gulls and petrels that make their home on the foam,
More than the sky and the sun and the shifting forms of the clouds,
Long and far hast thou sailed and now should'st be nearing thy home.

Ah, could'st thou speak and tell to us who are longing to know,
If scenes that from us are hidden open on dying eyes:—
Tell us if thou decriest the land of our hopes and dreams,
The fair and beautiful country our hearts call Paradise!

* * *

Thou speakest no word; the silence unbroken is to the ear.
Yet see! how the eyes of the voyager fill with a wondrous light.
Wide and wider they open, with eager and glorified gaze.
Ah! thou art nearing the shore and its beauties break on thy sight.

Choking, we turn us away, while the soul drifts on with the tide:
Yet never in all the years shall our yearning hearts let slip
The glorified face of the dying, the peace in the shining eyes,
As vanished in mist and cloud-wrack the voyager and the ship!

*Keosauqua, Iowa.* CHARLES E. PERKINS.

## Esperanto

### A Quest for Universal Brotherhood

A SERMON BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES, DELIVERED IN THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO, APRIL 25, 1909.

*"Have we not all one father; hath not one God created us? Why do we deal treacherously, every man against his brother, profaning the covenant of our fathers?" Malachi II.* 10.

The anonymous little work which is found at the close of the Old Testament contains this glowing text of rebuke and prophecy. "Malachi" is the Hebrew word for "messenger." We have not the name of the man who in troublesome times dreamed of prosperity and in quarrelsome times pleaded for peace.

When in 1893 the summons went forth from Chicago, summoning the representatives of all the faiths of the world to meet in a parliament and talk together of the things of the spirit, to bear witness to the faith that was in them and to cast maybe from the high table lands of common fellowship the horoscope of the religious future, it was an attempt to discover harmonies and to compare differences. A Jewish minister in London, the head Rabbi of England, Doctor Adler, sent across the sea this glowing sentence which I have taken for my text, the words of the nameless messenger of the Most High, spoken twenty-two or three hundred years before in a far-off land, as a fitting motto for that parliament. The aptness of the ancient scripture to the modern quest was at once apparent to all. And so ancient inspiration glowed again with new meaning and with fresh force, as it was printed on our stationery, inscribed on the walls, and displayed on our programs. No one knows how much these words of a nameless scribe of Syria, written in quaint Hebrew dialect, had to do in shaping the spirit of that great conclave.

The earliest call for the parliament went forth from a halting committee; this invitation was issued by the Chicago clerics with grave misgivings; many seriously doubted the possibility, and the great words were uttered with an accent of distrust. And this is not to be wondered at, for how is the record of the ages burdened with stories of treachery, profanation, violence, such as loomed up before this nameless scribe of the desert. And still, the "Have we not all one father; hath not one God created us? seemed to lift the heart above distrust and to fix the eyes on the serene heights where treachery, violence and profanation do not reach. And so the invitation went forth with the names of Catholic, Presbyterian, Episcopalian, Congregationalist, Baptist, Jew, Unitarian, Universalist and Independent inscribed below and the glowing text of the messenger printed above. It was as if the clerics of the nineteenth century A. D. wrote their endorsement of the obscure prophet or humble priest of the third century B. C. It was Chicago extending the hospitality of Judea.

Some of us remember how they came, from India, China and Japan, from Greece, Italy and Scandinavia, France, Germany, England, from Russia, Turkey and Australia. They came clothed in their differences. The early session was a study in colors; all the hues of the rainbow were on the platform. The symbols they carried in their hands, that were embroidered on their robes and which they wore on their heads were indeed diverse. They suggested differences, symbol-

ized bitter antagonisms, cruel wars and centuries of strife. But as the sessions went on and one after another went down into the deep places of their lives, dipped their cups into the subterranean rivers from which they drew their ancient inspirations, and with which their age-lasting sages, bards and prophets slaked their thirst, lo! it was discovered that they all dipped out of the same stream; that the water of life was one; the hopes of the heart, the struggles of the soul were identical.

> "As into these vessels the water I pour,
> There shall one hold less, another more,
> And the water unchanged, in every case,
> Shall put on the figure of the vase;
> O thou who wouldst truly make through strife,
> Canst thou fit this sign to the Water of Life?"

For seventeen days the splendid conclave met in triple session. The great halls of Columbus and Washington which, to the lasting loss and shame of Chicago, were temporary structures, built in pine, instead of great permanent contributions to the city of Chicago, built in granite, were crowded, and all the side halls and corridors of the present Art Institute thronged with a multitude that often reached a maximum of ten thousand people.

Day by day the glow deepened, the enthusiasm grew more intense, the joy and peace more profound, until at last when the closing session came, the rainbow hues were so blended that they shone through the prism of the spirit which yielded again the white ray of the sun. Differences proved superficial, transient, mortal; the harmonies appeared fundamental, universal and eternal. Everyone was at liberty; anyone might, but no one did, exploit his peculiar creed or emphasize his antagonism, because, with one or two exceptions, all chose to speak in the common tongue, the universal language of hope, love, and trust. The cross, the crescent and the seven-branched candlestick came to stand for the universalities of morals and the profundities of faith and trust. There was no chance of emphasizing differences or discovering heresy in the demands of temperance, chastity, honesty, courage, loyalty and trust. The cradle and the coffin, the sanctities of birth and death, of mother-love and father-care, the blights of sin, the rewards of virtue and the lure of the eternal hope were common property; they represented the common speech of religion, made such by the fundamental fact there made impressive, that all had one father; that one God created them all.

Words are the primal revelation. No wonder the older faiths held all forms of writing sacred. The rabbins warned the devotee against putting a foot on any scrap of writing lest the name of Johovah might be written thereon. The proscription was profound; the reason for it is adequate, for in written speech of every kind man is brought into closer intimacy with the Divine. Next to spoken words the alphabet is the most profound discovery of civilization. Modern civilization starts in most countries with a translation of the Bible into the vernacular. When common people were able to read for themselves the words of prophet and apostle, they began to rise. Hence the primal, immeasurable contribution of Jerome, Ulfilas, Boniface, Patrick, Wicliff, Luther, and the later missionaries who have made the Bible available to the children of the East and those who dwell in the islands of the sea.

The groping of the nations, as that of individuals, is for a medium of communication. When Helen Keller caught in the palm of her hand the secret of words, then the sciences, the languages of the world, were within her reach; college honors and literary power were hers, although she could neither see nor hear the words she handled.

The quest of today is internationalism. The cry of the noblest is "Peace!" The disgrace of today is the survival of the war spirit. The cry of the brutal still in man is for armaments. Battle ships are the last evolution of savagery. Fortresses and cannon represent the ambush, the pike, the poisoned arrow, and the bloody hatchet, whether chipped in flint or hammered in steel, raised to their nth power by the help of modern science and the crafts of civilization, and become all the more barbaric and humiliating because they represent the latest triumph in the world of matter linked to the unilluminated, undeveloped primal instincts of primitive man. Armaments are the highest achievements of art lending themselves to the primal instincts of savagery. War will never cease by the increase of armament, the exaggeration of the cost and danger of battle, for human nature is made of too heroic and reckless stuff to be intimidated in that way; war will cease only by the growth of the fraternal spirit, by the development of a sense of brotherhood, by increasing the sense of kinship. And this can be done only by widening the means of communication, multiplying the ties, increasing the fraternity, and the insistence upon just dealing and right conduct between nations as between men.

"I-I-I-I-hate that man!" exclaimed the gentle, stammering Charles Lamb. "I did not know that you knew that man," responded the friend. Quick as lightning came the reply, from the lower depths of the heart: "Th-th-that is why I hate him; I-I-I c-c-ould not hate him if I knew him!"

All wars are born in ignorance, misunderstandings, lack of adequate information, the absence of free intercourse, conversation, the power of interchange of thought. The great handicap of the traveler is the difficulty of speech. The embarrassments of diplomats are the foreign languages.

Language studies, then, have always, and justly, constituted the groundwork of culture. The greatest gift of the schools, the quest for a common speech, for universal language, is, then, not the idle pursuit of a leisure class, the whim of the curious, but the deep demand of progress, the hunger of the human soul, the gravitation of the spirit, which draws man to man as the preliminary step of drawing man to God.

"If you love not the brother whom you have seen, how can you love God whom you have not seen?" is profound sociology as well as religious truth.

It is fitting, then, that on the eve of a great Peace congress that seeks to serve the high mission of civilization, we should stop and take notice of this quest for a common language and make sermon uses of the experiments made in this direction.

The illiterate, under the press of circumstances, are the earliest pioneers in this direction; perhaps they have indicated the way we shoud go. "Pidgin English" is a practical mingling of English and Chinese which is in wide use in the ports of the far East. "Chinook" is a similar mingling of French and north Indian dialects which has long served the Hudson Bay Company. "Yiddish" is a similar fusion of Hebrew, Russian and German. But a recent authority tells us that "About three hundred years ago philosophers began to think seriously about a world language." Such attempts, ranging from 1620 down to the present time, have been listed. The catalogue consists

of seventy-one distinct attempts, all of them seriously undertaken and all of them attracting the attention, more or less, of the competent.

Perhaps the first to command general attention received the name of "Volapuk," a world speech, as the name indicated. This speech sprang out of the sleepless brain of a Swiss Catholic bishop named Schleyer, who was master of fifty languages. He published his scheme in 1880. It took strong hold in Germany and spread into France. In less than nineteen years 283 Volapuk societies were reported in Europe and America; instruction in twenty-five different languages was given and numerous periodicals were published. Three general congresses were held, the last, in 1889, conducting its proceedings entirely in Volapuk. But this venture declined as rapidly as it grew. Certain inherent defects in the system, making common cause with dissension among its advocates, brought prompt eclipse.

But the world spirit is not to be baffled by personal quarrels or by human failures. Volapuk had inoculated the race with the germs which would fructify other growths. An obscure Jewish oculist of Warsaw, one who had witnessed the pitiable blunderings of human nature, the cruel tyranny of ignorance, the blighting and heartless butchery of Russia, yielded himself to the inspirations which early took possession of him, of increasing the medium of communication and consequently diminishing the misunderstanding between Pole and Russian, Jew and Christian.

Ludwig Lazarus Zamenhof was born in 1859 in the little Polish town of Bielostock, the streets of which in recent years have flowed red with the blood of the victims of the Russian Pogroms. With a spirit of modesty that amounts to self-immolation in the venture, a consecration that amounts to inspiration, he gave himself to the task. In 1887 he published his scheme of a common language in a Warsaw paper under the pen name of Dr. Esperanto,—compounded from the words "to hope"; it means "The Hopeful," or the hopers. The first study was in Russian, but it was soon translated into French, German and English. The first Esperanto society was founded in St. Petersburg in 1892, and received the encouragement of Tolstoy and others.

About this time Marquis de Beaufront, a Frenchman, another man "acquainted with grief," one who has grown up in the shadows, whose journeys and bitter experience in the East had impressed him with the need of a common language, after passing through pestilence and bankruptcy, devoted himself to the task of making nations better acquainted one with another. He was well along with a system of his own when, in 1901, he learned of the work of Zamenhof. He promptly abandoned his own scheme and threw himself into this project.

These two pioneers may well represent the spirit of this new language movement, the quest of the idealist; they are dreamers in the interest of the kingdom to come. Said Zamenhof in the great international congress held at Cambridge, England:

> "We see in our green standard something else than the means of selling goods or holding congresses. We see in it the hope that soon or late, possibly after centuries,
>
> Upon a neutral language foundation,
> Understanding the one the other,
> All peoples will with one accord
> Become one great family.
>
> We desire to create a neutral foundation upon which the various human races can peacefully and fraternally intercommunicate, without destroying anything that belongs to either race."

It is not for me to undertake to discuss the merit of this particular scheme of world language or the still harder question as to how the universal speech is to be reached. But it is for me to call attention to the inspiring growth of this movement in the short space of time it has been before the world. The list of journals published in its interest, more or less wholly in its language, in Clark's book on "International Languages," published in 1907, includes thirty-seven titles, representing every part of the globe,—France, Switzerland, Hungary, Spain, Russia, Poland, Bulgaria, Brazil, Japan, India, Oxford, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Seattle, Los Angeles, Chicago. One organ is published for the benefit of the blind.

Utilizing as it does the root words common in all the Aryan tongues, submitting these root words to simple grammatical terminations, the language is easily acquired and, even to the uninitiated the page is not at all unintelligible. Six years ago, only four or five years after the first publication, 50,000 was given as the estimate of those who were interested. Dr. Zamenhof has been decorated by the French government, and Esperanto is taught in many French schools, while a recent list reveals its hold on many of the American universities. Mr. Harvey, editor of the North American Review, is one of the active promoters of the undertaking.

But not as a cultural acquirement are we interested in it this morning, but in its religious significance. Here are revealments for the prayer-meeting, stories for the communion table.

One who visited the first international congress of Esperantists at Boulogne, a little seaport town on the north coast of France, in 1905, was there confronted by men and women of twenty different races, all of whom had learned more or less of Esperanto at home; and, to their surprise, they found themselves understanding one another. The theater was packed; there was a hush of excitement; the silence was tense. Gradually as this cosmopolitan audience realized that they were all understanding the address of their Polish founder a sense of comradeship and fellow-citizenship seized them and anxiety gave way to wild enthusiasm. Men shook hands with perfect strangers and cheered and cheered again, and when Zamenhof's address ended in a great hymn, the closing words of which declare

> "We shall throw down the walls between the peoples;
> Love and truth shall begin their reign on earth,"

the whole concourse rose to their feet with prolonged cries of "Vivu Zamenhof!"

The same witness, Dr. W. J. Clark, of England, the author of "International Language Past, Present and Future," writes of his experience at the second congress, held at Geneva in 1906. He found himself sitting, in one of the sessions, next to a Russian from Kischeneff who had been through the first great *Pogrom*, and an interesting conversation ensued. Another day his neighbors were an Indian Nawab and an Abbe from Madrid, and they conversed together. Bulgarians, Finns and Italians rubbed elbows with him, and they understood one another. At one meal a Frenchman, a German and an Englishman toasted the cordiality of nations. During this session a comedy was rendered by a Frenchman, a Russian, and a Spaniard, in Esperanto, and the listeners all understood and enjoyed it.

But enough for our present purposes. The sermon

of the morning is preached. I know not what the future story of Esperanto may be. Like Volapuk, it may decline as rapidly as it has risen. But should it die, it would not be to extinction but to immortality; to rise again in some better form. There must be a common language where there are common ties. Brothers and sisters, children of the same father, must understand one another. The demand is not academic but cosmic. It is ordained in the nature of things that with the growth of life there shall come facility of communication. The very birds have their language; insects understand one another; the deaf mutes found it easy to converse with the Esquimaux brought to our World's Fair. Human ingenuity will break through the most obstinate barriers. The signal service corps of North and South during our lamentable war found it almost impossible to construct a code that could not be deciphered in a short time by the other side. So equal is the human mind to overcome any barriers that stand between man and man.

Cosmopolitanism is the finest reward of culture. The truly intelligent man is at home everywhere and gladly pays his homage to every flag. Where culture ends religion takes up the task of internationalizing men. The devout find brothers everywhere and the loving are sheltered and furnished everywhere. I got along very comfortably for a whole month in Italy on perhaps two dozen verbs and twice that many nouns. When on the Continent I loved to plunge into the by-paths of life, bathe myself in foreign remoteness, defy Cook's caution and despise the personally-conducted program. In a spasm of such recklessness I remember that at Berne I plunged into a little immaculate side street and sought my night's lodging at a little private inn or boarding house up on the second floor, kept by a timid but hearty widow, who seemed more scared than I was at finding at her door a foreigner, for whom she had no word of English, while I knew almost as little of her patois. But the magic words "America" and "Chicago" opened her heart, and a crude photograph of a grocery house on Water street, a picture of a husky looking man in every-day clothes, with his autograph and an address at North LaSalle street, and the word "Brudder" made sufficient introduction and a sure guarantee for the hospitality of the little inn.

Next day as I wandered the streets I stumbled upon an intelligent tradesman who apprehended my helplessness, appreciated the rarity of my opportunity, and without the help of words led me to the bear pits and then to the "Grosse Schanze,"—the Great Bastion,"—and pointed with ecstasy to the sublime sweep of the snow-clad Bernese Alps. He exclaimed *"Magnifique"*—and I said "Magnificent!" and we shook hands. He had shown me the two most characteristic things in Berne. The bears and the mountains bridged the chasm between America and Switzerland, and we stood together, brothers, confessed and loyal.

O friends, the old Babel story reversed the facts. The confusion of tongues is at the base of the pillar; the one language is at the top, and when men apply themselves to the high task of building the tower that will reach heaven and touch the abode of the Divine, then and not till then will they find one language, and that one the language of service and of praise, of brotherhood and of prayer.

The Peace Congress at The Hague and other international congresses have now three official languages, —French, German and English. In some way or another the Hague conferences are going to reduce the three into one. Grammars and dictionaries may differ, but the vocabulary of civic righteousness, of international amity, of free exchange of commodities, both physical and spiritual of all the children of men, will be carried on in their Esperanto of the spirit, their one language of faith and love.

And this will come, not through the intimidation of horrible armament, the multiplication of the devil enginery of destruction, but through the growth of kindness, through the conquering power of love, through the invincible armament of justice, right-doing and truth-telling. Just in proportion as we realize the truth delivered by the nameless messenger of Jehovah, in so far and in so far only shall we secure international amity; then and then only will

"The war drums throb no longer and the battle flags be furled
In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World."

For, "Have we not all one father; hath not one God created us? Why, then, do we deal treacherously, every man against his brother, profaning the covenant of our fathers?"

At the close of his opening address before the Esperanto Congress at Cambridge, England, Dr. Zamenhof gave them an Esperanto hymn, the hymn of hope. It has been literally translated as follows:

"Into the world has come a new feeling,
Through the world goes a mighty call;
On light wind-wings
Now may it fly from place to place.
Not to the sword thirsting for blood
Does it draw the human family:
To the world eternally at war
It promises holy harmony.
Beneath the holy banner of hope
Throng the soldiers of peace,
And swiftly spreads the Cause
Through the labor of the hopeful.
Strong stand the walls of a thousand years
Between the sundered peoples;
But the stubborn bars shall leap apart,
Battered to pieces by holy love.
On the fair foundation of common speech,
Understanding one another,
The peoples in concord shall make up
One great family circle.
Our busy band of comrades
Shall never weary in the work of peace,
Till humanity's grand dream
Shall become the truth of eternal blessing."

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## KNOWLEDGE.

If only we could see what lies ahead,
If we might look beyond to-morrow's portals,
I wonder if we should, absolved from dread,
Be happy-visaged and contented mortals?
Would all the hate and heartaches disappear,
Would glee blot out all memories of sorrow—
Would courage come to take the place of fear,
If we could see what lies beyond to-morrow?

If we could know what destinies the fates
Are shaping now for us who blindly blunder,
And oft in vain assault forbidden gates,
How would the knowledge profit us, I wonder?
Would failure cease to break the hearts of men?
Would night's deep, silent darkness lose its terror?
Would he that ought to dig lay down the pen?
Would all who stumble cease to grope in error?

We know that right is right, that wrong is wrong,
That thus it was ordained at Time's beginning;
We know that honors to the wise belong,
That sorrow is the heavy price of sinning,
Yet foolishly we sin and venture where
The currents, soon or late, will drag us under;
If somehow all the future were laid bare,
How would beholding profit us, I wonder?

—*S. E. Kiser* in the *Youth's Companion.*

## The Language of Religion

Essay Read Before The Cedar Rapids Ministers' Union, by Joseph Newton, April 12, 1909.

*"Is the Difference of Phraseology in the Expression of Teaching the Principal Difference Between the Christian Ages?"*

In selecting such an one as I to treat of a theme so intricate, so vast, and withal so vital, a great mistake has surely been made. But that error was small compared with my own folly in undertaking it on so short a notice, or indeed on any kind of notice. My little essay is thus at once a betrayal of my own audacity and a sincere tribute to the hypnotic powers of the program committee. Such a study, if rightly pursued, would require not only a survey of the whole history of dogma, but a sweep of vision and a delicacy of insight to which I can lay no claim. Nor can any one in a brief space of time give anything like the proper attention to details that might seem necessary. But no treatment of this kind is needed before a company familiar with theology and with the lives of the men who have illumined it. All I can do is to offer such thoughts as have come to me in the midst of many duties.

It goes without saying that this theme touches upon many things about which we hold varying views. But as it is not an inquiry into the validity but into the nature of our differences, it seems to me that we may discuss it quite frankly and freely. If, in my zeal to discover the reason for our multi-colored theology, I should set forth any idea out of harmony with your own, let me ask you to adopt the attitude of the Turkish cadi toward an inquisitive English traveler:—"Oh, my friend, seek not after the things that concern thee not, and be not over-exercised about them. Thou camest to us, and we welcomed thee; go now in peace. Of a truth thou hast spoken many words, but there is no harm done, for the speaker is one, and the listener is another."

All of you, I dare say, have met that bright, unencumbered little book by the late David Masson, entitled, "Recent British Philosophy." If so, you will recall a very striking passage containing an illustration as homely as it is pertinent. He says:—"It will be a dreary day for the world when disagreements cease, when there are not even fundamental differences. There is an old Wiltshire song which had this remarkable stanza:

> 'If all the world were of one religion
> Many a living thing should die;
> But I will never forget my true love,
> Nor in any way his name deny!'

"Now if there is any man among us who has preeminently helped to keep Britain from that danger of intellectual death to many which would arise from her being of one religion in philosophy, it is John Stuart Mill."

And this is surely valid as against an unnatural or enforced uniformity of opinion. Even the scepticism of Mill, Masson thought, had its place and value in religion, somewhat as the party of the opposition has a value in politics—useful as a critic but disastrous when it comes into power. In a slightly different shape the same principle applies in the matter of our various sects and creeds. The enthusiasm of many good men for amalgamating all our churches puzzles me. The day will doubtless come and it may be close at hand, when a truly catholic creed will be wrought out, and then will the true unity of life be achieved. But if convictions are laid aside for the sake of union, we have not the unity of the church, but the unity of the churchyard. One of the great attributes of man is his willingness to abandon his warm fireside and throw himself on a principle, even though that principle may seem to others thin, unimportant, and largely unintelligible. The hiding places of a slothful neutrality may quickly turn into graves. There is much to regret about our religious and theological disputes. All who have taken part in them must look back with sorrow to things said in heat. Still, how many a living thing would die were these debates to cease! They must go on till by legitimate means we have achieved a worthy agreement that shall be real and lasting.

An example in point is a recent debate in the world of letters. Arthur Balfour maintained, with a brilliant and almost paralyzing logic, that there is no norm of beauty. Edmund Gosse, while reluctant to deny it, held, and rightly so, that there is a fixed norm of beauty, but that we are only working slowly towards it. If we thought we had attained it, then "many a living thing should die." There were critics who believed they had reached it, and we know how they treated Wordsworth, and Keats, and Shelley, and Tennyson, and others. It is right enough that new departures should be tested. But happily all the world is not of one creed of literary criticism, and every new genius when he appears has those who champion him, and in the end he comes to his own. We have many heretics in the literary world, but there is a fairly substantial and extended creed against which the heretics protest in vain. Still, let each man have his say, and so we shall at last arrive at the unchallenged truth.

All of which may seem far enough afield from the matter in hand, but not very far after all. Our various sects represent, most picturesquely, the great debates of Christian theology. Arius and Athanasius are with us still, as are Calvin and Arminius, in monuments of brick and stone—if not in "frozen music," as Goethe described architecture, then in petrified discord. So true is this that some naughty wit, perched on a twig where he could see over the walls, has said that the trouble with the various sects is that they are not large enough to contain more than one idea. One great idea swayed John Calvin, and he enshrined it in a sect which is with us to this day. So also Luther and Wesley, not less than Channing and Hosea Ballou, to mention only a few examples. It was an impudent way to state the fact, but the thrust of the saucy wit was not without its sharp point—piercing most deeply, perhaps, the so-called liberal sects, some of which are so small as to be insects.

Every sect has its own phrase or expression of truth. It could not be a living thing without it, for, as Carlyle has reminded us, religions live not by their falsehood, but by their truth. If then it be true, as the question before us seems to intimate, that the differences between the Christian ages are differences of phraseology, it holds true, equally, of our various sects which, as a fact, represent and perpetuate the issues and debates of those vanished times. Our study has thus not only an intellectual interest in old systems and debates, whereof the din is now hushed in oblivion and death, but also an immediate interest

and appeal—an appeal, that is, for a more sympathetic reading of our different religious dialects.

The question, as stated, has to do with the language of religion. It asks us if it is not true that the Christian ages of the past, and the Christian churches of the present, have not all along been trying, each in its own tongue, to say the same thing. To this question let me give, without hesitation, an affirmative answer. On the surface we, like our fathers before us, are divided, often to all appearances hopelessly divided, but in the depths we are one. Debate and argument, views and opinions, drive and keep us apart, but in the deep places, even as in the heights, we find not only ourselves but the great household of faith in all ages—brethren breathing the same aspirations and prayers, the same passion for God, the same loyalty to Christ, the same joy in the truth. It is true of religion even in its intellectual aspect and expression, that those who are able to go below the surface discover melodies underlying apparently serious differences, but it is still more true of religion as a life. Spiritual experience—the life of God in the soul of man—is the highest liberalizing influence, as it is the most effective and satisfying. It gives one the power to understand and interpret many religious dialects, and to discern in the past, not less than here and now, beneath diversities of temperament and training, cult and creed, the communion of saints—the universal Spiritual Church of God, to whose service our institutions are but instrumental, and from which they derive their meaning and beauty. Here, in the depths, live what De Quincey called those grand catholic feelings which belong to the grand catholic situations of life in all its stages.

Christianity is indeed a heavenly philosophy. But it was a life first and a philosophy afterwards—a life rich, warm, dynamic, and personal, and as such it grasped the crumbling classic world and reshaped it. With the voice of the Master still echoing, and the air alive and glowing with his presence, no one cared to formulate a system. When St. Paul attempted such discussions his logic almost invariably caught fire and ended in a blaze of ecstasy. The church, radiant with life, was a radiating center of spiritual power. This is not to say that the early church was a scene of uniformity. The fact that it was a living thing promised variety of color and tone, but such differences as appeared were not speculative at all, but large matters of temperament, method, and personal equation. The effort of the Tubingen scholars to show that our New Testament was the result of rival schools of thought in the apostolic church, failed. Their lingo is now obsolete, and their volumes are deep in dust. The victorious might of the infant church lay not in its dogmas, but in its fellowship with Christ, its heroic motives, and its glowing ideals. Any student of that church must be impressed with its freedom from metaphysical dogma, its unity of spirit, and its abounding spiritual vitality.

In the "Life of Dante," by Boccalos, we are told that theology is God's poetry. It may be so; but when one studies the history of dogma, its hidden and unnoted factors, and the materials of which it was composed, one feels like modifying the saying of the great poet. Religion is indeed Divine Poetry—"poetry believed in," as Dean Everett used to say—but theology is, for the most part, very human prose. Though they bore the same name, held the same faith, and used the same vocabulary, what a gulf divided the second Christian century from the days of Jesus! No sooner did Christianity step upon Greek soil than it was taken up by alert and eager minds, mixed with the fag-ends of decayed philosophy, and changed into something seemingly utterly alien to the mind of the Master. No first-hand witnesses remained, and hardly any authentic literature. There were a few copies circulating here and there of the "Recollections," quoted by Justin Martyr, and which in all probability were our synoptic gospels; the Apostolic Epistles; some letters of Christian bishops, such as the epistles of Clement and Ignatius; a number of imaginative and visionary writings, like "The Shepherd of Hermas"; and the fantastic speculations, every year growing wilder, of the Gnostic thinkers. One familiar with the theologic outlook at the middle of the second century, as we have it reflected later in the pages of Irenaeus and Tertullian, knows that it was a dim and bewildering chaos. It would serve no good purpose for me to attempt to thread that maze without a torch.

Let me recall to you the profound insight of John Henry Newman. It seems to me that time will show, if it has not already shown, that Newman was the greatest religious genius of the last century. He was a miracle of intellectual delicacy joined with an austere and unearthly spirituality. His supreme gift was an intellect which detected the inadequacy of words, ideas or systems when confronted with the realities which they essay to body forth. His insight is best exhibited in a passage from the "Apologia," remarkable not less for its style than for its sweep and grasp. Thus:

"The broad philosophy of Clement and Origen carried me away. Some portions of their teaching, magnificent in themselves, came like music to my inward ear. These were based on the mystical or sacramental principle. Nature was a parable; Scripture was an allegory; pagan literature, philosophy, and mythology, properly understood, were but a preparation for the Gospel. The Greek poets and sages were in a certain sense prophets; for 'thoughts beyond their thought to those high bards were given.' In the fullness of time both Judaism and paganism came to nought. And thus room was made for the anticipation of further and deeper disclosures, of truths still under the veil of the letter, and in their season to be revealed. The visible world still remains without its Divine interpretation. The Holy Church in her sacraments and her hierarchical appointments, will remain, even to the end of the world, after all but a symbol of those heavenly facts which fill eternity. Her mysteries are but the expression in human language of truths to which the human mind is unequal."

So luminous a passage persuades while it exemplifies the doctrine which it recommends—the doctrine, that is, that doctrines themselves are but symbols; that theology is at once an allegory and an act of faith; that it is figurative because it seizes on a hidden reality, otherwise not to be detained. It is an illuminating insight, particularly so in the midst of what Dean Church calls the enormous irruption into the world of modern thought of the unknown and the unknowable. Also, it helps to account for the embarrassment which has always beset Christian apologists. Such reasons as may be formally adduced are rather specimens and symbols of the real reasons, than those reasons themselves. Defenders of the faith select, of necessity, not the truest, the highest, the most sacred reasons for belief, but such as best admit of being exhibited in argument, and these are rarely, perhaps never, the real reasons in the case of a religious man.

If we allow so much, consequences of an interesting kind seem to follow. At first glance theology is ap-

parently removed from among the sciences and placed in the domain of the arts. That, however, need not be regretted. This at least is true: we are here given a key to the deeper unity of things which differ; that the Christian ages show a profound unity of experience and life underneath diversities of temperament and every variety of intellectual symbolism. Each age, like each individual, gives an account of what it has apprehended in its own dialect; hence the variegated history of dogma. But if we take these dogmas as symbolic pictures, they are seen to be efforts of the church at various periods of its history, and of certain types of mind in every period, to express spiritual truth in such imaginative intellectual forms as were best suited to their needs. Thus a truth may find expression in different dogmas, just as any thought may be uttered in different languages by phrases that sound very unlike and yet mean quite the same. Even the same truth, as Lowell shows in his poem on "Ambrose," may in a different garb have power over other minds, who actually deny that truth as we state it in our words. What we have to remember is that the truth is greater than all symbols, deeper than all dogmas, and that "the divine life moves underneath the thickest ice of theory."

Our chief error lies in our intellectual conceit. The intellect tends to assume that its analysis, and therefore its explanation, is complete. Some dogmas seem irrational and crude, and we are prone to deny not only the dogmas which are merely clumsy in form, but also the spiritual truths which they are trying to utter, because we think of the surface intellectal meaning only, and do not apprehend the truths underlying or feel the spiritual power of them. Thus it may be that the Reformers not only repudiated certain Catholic dogmas, but failed to see their hidden truth which Protestantism is impoverished by ignoring. Can a good tree bring forth evil fruit? Sometimes, apparently. Emerson sent his apples to the Concord agricultural fair, and the prize committee visited him to make inquiry how it was possible for him, with such good varieties, to raise such poor specimens. It has often been a source of wonder to me, and of humiliation not a little, when I have seen my trees, choice varieties of course, bearing so little fruit of righteousness, so little sympathy, kindliness and aspiration, and, not far away, some scrubby Methodist or gnarled Presbyterian blossoming like an apple tree in June or bending to the ground under the weight of ruddy fruit. It takes all the conceit out of me, and makes me want to know more of their climate and soil. After all, it is the inner life of intense heart-faith and of devotion to the Master, whatever may be the symbols and the dogmas in which these have found shape and voice, which bear such harvests.

Let me walk a little way along another path before I go on. If, as Matthew Arnold once said, our dogmas are so many words thrown out at a vast reality, may we not find in the hearts of many who are not nominally Christian much that is of kin to our faith? It is not hard for me to recognize that under the categories of an alien philosophy Spinoza was striving to set forth the facts of a profound religious experience. He was conscious of a living fellowship with God, which meant life and peace to him in time of trial. He was, as Novalis said, a God-intoxicated man, and I like to clasp hands with such men. His philosophy, even when expounded by Allanson Picton, reads like a foreign tongue; but when one looks at it more closely it resembles the vast truth that sways the religious mind today: that God is near and not far; within as well as without; in the very heart of his creation, in the soul of man; in the life of each; still more, in the life of all; and most of all in Christ, our eternal contemporary, in whom he tabernacles with the sons of men. Nor can any one doubt that the Emerson essay on "The Over-Soul" is but another version of the truth of the over-brooding and indwelling Spirit, which has been the life of the church and the altar fire of the pulpit in all ages.

And now, lest you conclude that I have taken up headquarters in Dickens' "Circumlocution Office," let me specify still further, using the central and most sacred truth of our faith. Surely the difference between religion and theology is nowhere more strikingly shown than in the successive theories of the Cross that have followed each other through the Christian ages. Today men are sometimes accused of tampering with the doctrine of the Atonement, but one may well ask, "Which doctrine?" If men are saved or lost by their correct or incorrect views of this truth, then whole ages of the church are clearly past praying for. One view, which held its ground for almost a thousand years, was that the death of Christ was a ransom paid to the Devil, and that his resurrection was a kind of trick by which Satan was finally defrauded. Think of a man like Ambrose of Milan, one of the noblest and sweetest souls of the fourth century, who was the spiritual father of Augustine, being able to write a sentence like this:—"It was necessary in order that this fraud should be carried out upon the Devil that the Lord Jesus should take a body!" We can hardly imagine a theology of the Cross more grotesque and unthinkable! Yet no one amongst us knows more effectually than did that ancient saint the religion of the Cross, as felt in the soul and realized in life. One cannot read his works without feeling that the root of the matter was in him, despite the crude, intellectual imagery of his day.

It is not less so of the theory of Anselm in his *"Cur Deus Homo,"*—a theory which, strangely enough, was in its main features adopted and taught by the Reformation leaders. He regarded Christ as having, by his passion and death, paid in suffering the exact equivalent of human guilt, and thus satisfied the claims of Divine justice. But even Augustine saw that this was not a doctrine of grace, but a negation of grace. For, if in the death of Christ the debt of man has been fully paid, he can demand his salvation not as a matter of grace from God, but as a right. Yet no one can deny that underneath this crude theology lay the eternal truth, modified by the forms of Roman law and the feudal system—even as the same truth is shaped by the intellectual and social environment of our age into something sweet and melting. But it may be that the church of the future will look back in wonder at our crude views of the same ineffable truths. And so of all our dogmas. Thus, evermore, theologies come and go, each speaking the language of its day, but the Truth goes marching on.

> "Our little systems have their day,
> They have their day and cease to be:
> They are but broken lights of Thee,
> And thou, O Lord, art more than they."

Does Christian truth grow? Some would have us think that it has grown out of all recognition, like letters cut on the bark of a young tree. Others wonder how, if this be true, there can be any fixed standard or criterion of that growth. A building may grow, but if the building materials also grow, the results will be like those of the croquet-party in Alice's "Adventures in Wonderland." Not to be outdone, the priests of prog-

ress assure us that we live in a wonderland and that we should not be astonished at anything that happens. On the other side we may say that the wonderland has been here a long time. Poetry has not developed since Homer, Dante and Shakespeare. Little has been added to logic since Aristotle, and even Emerson admitted that a man is original in philosophy by as much as he plagiarizes from Plato. All that we can say is that those creative men would find in our age a more flexible and lucid medium whereby to utter their souls.

Even so it is with religion. This is a great age, and yet few would say that the tides of religious feeling rise higher now than they did in some of the Psalms or in the closing chapters of Isaiah. It may be that we know more than our fathers knew of the world about us, its laws and forces, but surely no one will affirm that we surpass, if indeed we equal, Dante, Fenelon or Francis of Assisi in our acquaintance with divine things. In humility we may leave our motor-cars and go back into the vanished past and learn of them. One reads the "Confessions of Augustine" and finds there, not only splendor of genius, but a profound and passionate religious life not easy to discover in our day. Even Newman, who was a citizen of eternity, lived as a pilgrim and a stranger among us. All of us hold what seems to be a more reasonable and tenable theology than was held by the men of other days, but we often seem to lack something of their deep, intense, dynamic spiritual life. Still, there is among us a sweet, pervasive humanism, a social faith and feeling, a sanctified sagacity, the like of which no Christian age has seen. Nor is it a matter of doubt that the language of this age is better fitted than the dialects of any time agone to utter the melodious truths of the gospel. But it is the same gospel that stirred the souls of Savonarola and Luther, and the same Spirit that whispered when St. Francis bowed in prayer.

Arthur Balfour, in his "Foundations of Belief," discusses the question as to whether there can be such a thing as a synthetic theology. He concludes that no one man can live long enough to acquire, even if he could manipulate, the intellectual apparatus necessary for such an undertaking. Nor do we yet need such a Messiah of theology. Life must come before theology, now as at the first, and our need is thus of another kind and far more urgent. Edward Irving, when he began his ministry in Glasgow well-nigh ninety years ago, resolved to "demonstrate a higher style of Christianity—something more magnanimous, more heroical than this age is accustomed to." This lesson is for us. A higher style of Christianity is more than ever our need. Let us attempt it. Let us give ourselves to it, nor think it too great for hope. It is for us to speak that we do know, in the language of our age, interpreting to it the truth as it was in him who came in grace, beauty and power.

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MY FAITH.

I trust in what the love-mad mavis sings,
  In what the whiteweed says whereso it blows.
  And the red sorrel and the redder rose;
I trust the power that puts the bee on wings,
And in the socket sets the rock, and rings
  The hill with mist, and gilds the brook, and sows
  The dusk; is on the wind which comes and goes,
The voice in thunders and leaf-murmurings;
I trust the might that makes the lichen strong,
  That leads the rabbit from her burrow forth,
  That in the shadow hides, in sunlight shines;
I trust what gives the one lone cricket song,
  What points the clamorous wild-goose harrow north,
  And shifts the white calm on the winter pines.

—*John Vance Cheney.*

# THE STUDY TABLE.

## Notes

"Chippendales," from Charles Scribner's Sons, is a Boston society novel. I suppose it is more of a novel than I can appreciate, but I should hate to be compelled to read half a dozen such. This is one of Mr. Grant's novels.

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The thinking people who desire to know the facts in political and social economics will find the *Arena* invaluable. B. O. Flower has gone through flood and fire, three or four times over, to keep this magazine honest and able; and he has done it. He has never sold out to any clique or party. Albert Brandt, the publisher, is his true mate. I wish that every progressive citizen would feel some responsibility about this grand effort of Mr. Flower's. *The Arena* should be sustained and sustained nobly.

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I am gratified to find among my magazines a growing tendency toward the expression of moral purpose. The *American Magazine* is doing some very manly work, not of the howling reform sort, but of the cleansing sort. I pick it up with increasing pleasure month by month.

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Farmers will be glad to know that by sending to the Department of Agriculture at Washington they can get a copy of the Yearbook for 1907—just out. Is it not a queer state of affairs that we have to get our agricultural reports two years old? Members of Congress manage to get their highly valuable speeches into our hands two months from date. By and by this country will be run for the people and not for the politicians.

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In the *Independent* for April 15, I have outlined some of the wonderful work that is being done by some of our Agricultural Colleges. Depend upon it there is growing up a system of education that will ultimately displace the popular system; industrial, moral, uplifting and character-making as well as body-making. It will care little for mere erudition, and very soon, instead of shutting our little ones in doors all day, and cramming them with what other people have seen, we shall teach them to use their own eyes and ears, and then their own hands as well as brains. School will keep mostly out of doors, in gardens. The most pitiful sight I have yet seen is these college boys, graduating after ten or twelve years of study, brain-fuddled full, but hands empty, and not knowing which way to turn. If such boys live on the community hereafter, as heretofore they have lived on their parents, who is to blame? Send your boys and girls to the agricultural colleges, and when they come back they will know what to do with their hands, and they will not be likely to be soddened with cigarettes, coarse living, and ungenerous feelings.

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The *Outing Magazine* has unfortunately become involved with the Outing Publishing Company, but will not suffer except temporarily. It has come to the front of the magazines with a quiet force, and it must be kept there. E. P. Powell.

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# THE FIELD.

*"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."*

## FOREIGN NOTES.

THE CALVIN CELEBRATION IN GENEVA.—Announcement is made that the House of Atar will be the official publisher for the approaching commemoration of the life and work of Calvin, in Geneva. The "official publication of the jubilees of 1909 (University, College, Church Monument of the Reformation)" will consist of three parts. Parts one and two, issued in May and June, will be introductory and preparatory, containing full announcements of all the various festivities, ceremonies and demonstrations, which will go to make up this many-sided affair. Part three, to be issued in July, will be the comprehensive report of the whole. Each part will be complete in itself, with numerous illustrations and an artistic cover. The three will form a record and souvenir valuable alike to those who are fortunate enough to participate in person in these festivities and to those who can only hear or read of them at a distance.

How sympathetically this Calvin anniversary is looked forward to in other lands is indicated by certain recent contributions to the *Semaine religieuse*, from which I take the following:

At a meeting of the Magdeburg section of that strong German Protestant organization, the *Evangelischer Bund;* held to commemorate the death of Luther, Dr. G. Kawerau, a member of the *Oberkirchenrat* and well-known as biographer of Luther, touched upon the attitude of the great German reformer toward the Reformed Church. That hostility was due to the differences between himself and Zwingli on the question of the Lord's Supper, as developed in the famous conference at Marburg in 1529. Though Luther never retracted his opinion, said Dr. Kawerau, he did subsequently feel the need of mitigating some of the harsh things he had said of the Swiss reformer, and in a new edition of his works prepared shortly before his death, he insisted that the most offensive expressions should be suppressed. Reference to this historic incident gave the Lutheran speaker a chance to express the sympathy with which members of that confession today look forward to the Calvin anniversary. They would, he declared, join as heartily in celebrating the birth of the Reformer of Picardy as Protestants of the Reformed faith did a few years ago in doing honor to Luther.

This circular, sent forth by the General Council of the United Evangelical Church of Prussia, gives official expression to this sympathy.

"The tenth of July," writes the President of this body," there will be celebrated the 400th anniversary of the birth of the great reformer, John Calvin. German protestant Christianity as a whole owes so much to the services of this forceful witness and champion of the Gospel, this esteemed biblical commentator, this mighty organizer of the church, that this day deserves to be observed by her as a general festival. As, on the occasion of the 400th anniversary of the birth of our great reformer, Luther, all evangelical Christians gratefully acknowledged before God the blessings received through the medium of that man of God, so, we are glad to believe, will all the Protestant parishes of our National church feel the desire of reviving in a grateful observance, the memory of the youngest of the four heroes of the Reformation.

"We therefore recommend that in the divine service of July 11, 1909, the fifth Sunday after Trinity, the memory of Calvin be recalled in some appropriate manner, either by a special sermon or other observance. We also direct that on that Sunday there shall be taken up, in all the Protestant churches under our jurisdiction, a collection for the creation of a Calvin Jubilee Fund, for the benefit of the Reformed parishes of our National church and especially for the needs of their foreign missions. We expect that this collection will everywhere meet willing hearts and open hands, as was the case with the collection of 1843 in all places of worship of our National church, for the purpose of building new churches in the Lutheran *diaspora.*"

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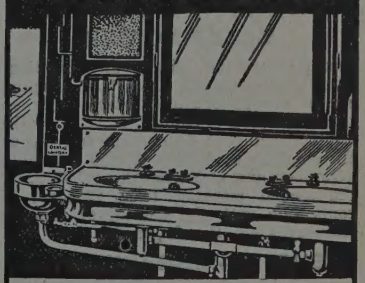

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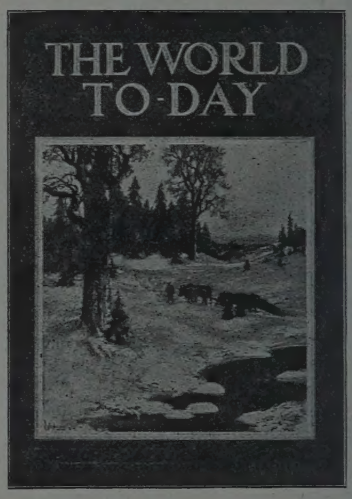


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